THE SCAFFOLD
Lately Erected in
Weſtminſter-Hall.
A
POEM.

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THE
SCAFFOLD
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Weſtminſter-Hall.

WHAT Riddles are the Favours of a *CROWN?*
Deſert ſets *Greatneſs* up, and ſhakes it down.
The Popu'lar *WORTH*, by all Applauſes prais'd,
Is courted Riſing; but 'tis ſpighted Rais'd.
The Perſpective then turn'd, what once all ſhin'd,
So little ſhews the *Brightneſs* that's behind.——
But when the Magnifying Glaſs has got
Ev'n the leaſt View of a Diſcover'd *Spot*;
To that dark ſpreading Cloud 'tis ſtrait diſplay'd,
That trembling Nations ſhrink beneath the Shade.
Thus dang'rouſly Exalted *Greatneſs* ſtands:
All muſt be *Gods* who wou'd ſit ſafe in Truſt.
A Trip betrays the *Man*; and then all Hands
Are join'd to rend him to his Native Duſt.
The Slip thus caught, *Offence*, tho' Threds of Lawn,
On its loſt Head has *Cords* and *Axes* drawn.

From *Undiſputed* POW'R no Block too ſmall,
Thrown from her Hand, for ſtumbling Greatneſs Fall.

Impending *Juſtice* o'er ſome ſuch Dread *Guilt*,
Lately a no leſs dreadful *Scaffold* built;
A haſty Fabrick, but for Uſe more ſlow:
So heavily mov'd the unweildy Blow.
At leaſt it ſeem'd that vaſt Theatrick Stage
For threatend Scenes of no ſmall *Tragick-Rage*.
For, oh, too loud our ſtartled Ears all round
Heard the big-ſpeaking Tube of *Vengeance* ſound.

The Firſt that to this Stage of Fate muſt lead,
Is that too long Proſcrib'd, Offending HEAD,
Inur'd to Sufferings; who ſadly bore
The Weight of a State-**Storm**, once *wrackt* before.
But here, my *Muſe*, with a ſhort *Janus* View
The mournful Draught of that paſt **Storm** renew.
Say whence the *Wind* which the Rough Billows toſt:
And what the *Treaſure* in the Tempeſt loſt.

When *Coronation Oaths* in *Lethe* drown'd,
The late Aſpiring *Rome* no Bars cou'd bound;
Whil'ſt *Soveraign Pow'r* ſo all Licentious grown,
Made the whole Kingdom bluſh, but not the Throne;
I'th' *Royal Orb* the *Bigot Zeal* ſo fixt!
Nitre and *Sulphur* thus one Compound make,
Then only fatal when together mixt,
Arm'd with that Force which makes whole Empires ſhake.
For *Champion'd Innocence* in that dark Day,
Up to the Front of wild unbridled Sway,
Who more undaunted ſtood th' Imperial Frown,
The MITRE's Advocate againſt the CROWN.

And when the fair *Euſebia*'s drooping Head
Her frightful View to that dark Proſpect led,
Scarce threaten'd with leſs juſt Impending Fears,
Then the ſame Show'r of her loſt *Maudlin*'s Tears;
Till call'd *NASSAV*, like a Deſcending God,
The Britiſh *Andromede*'s wing'd *Perſeus* rod:
Here, when the Great *Diſturber of the Sea*,
Shrinking and Scar'd from his abandon'd Prey,
To his more *natural* Element rowl'd o'er,
The Gallick *Genuine* Tyrannick Shore;
Who in that *Chaſme* of *Empire*, more Inſpir'd,
With eloquent warm TRUTH ſo boldly fir'd,
To have *Britannia*'s empty Throne ſupply'd,
Call'd the Divine *Juſtinian* to our Side!
Brought the whole Eaſtern *Pandect Forces* down,
On Great *NASSAV* to fix th' *Endebted Crown!*

Yet all this fragrant GLORY could not charm
Againſt the *Angry Pow'rs* too cruſhing Arm.
From his long *well-fill'd ORB* He thus withdraws:
His *over-ſerving* ZEAL ſo dear muſt coſt!
Severe the Scourge for ſo minute a Cauſe;
Great *SOMMERS* by his ill-tim'd *VIRTVE* loſt.

Why do we KINGS high Heav'ns *Vicegerents* call?
Faint *Copies* of their bright *Original!*
The Great DISPENSER, with unqueſtion'd Sway,
To Honour or Diſhonour moulds his Clay.
Kings, ev'n the Shadow of that Pow'r debarr'd,
Muſt not *Faith*, *Virtue*, or *Deſert* reward.
Hard-fated MAJESTY, Thee they exclude
Thy meaneſt Vaſſal's Glory, *Gratitude.*

What if ſome *ſhining WORTH*'s attracting Charms,
Some Champion of his *Councils* or his *Arms*,
Drew down the warm endebted Smiles of Pow'r,
The God deſcending in a Radiant Show'r?
Th' *Apollinary Head* here call'd to join
The Royal *Grace*, and fix the *Stamp Divine*,
He heard the *mighty Call*, and he obey'd;
Alas! too fatally his *Duty* paid!
Darling *Obedience*, thou belov'd above,
  Beyond the *Skies* thy glorious *Riſe* began:
But the low'r World quite diff'rent *Hinges* move,
  The Pride of *Angels* made the Shame of *Man*.

Thus from the angry *Galaxy of Pow'r*,
The Great *Five Hundred*, with a frowning Loure,
Reſolv'd thy *Delphick Glory* to diſplume,
And ſtrike th' *Oraculous Voice* for ever dumb.
Here the Great *CÆSAR*, ſcarce without a Bluſh,
  Reſum'd thy *Chaplet* with unwilling Hands;
Compell'd to bid thy bright *Aſtrea* huſh.
  (Oh boundleſs Pow'r which Kings themſelves commands!)
And oh th' Ignoble Shackles of a *Throne*!
The Arm that *conquers* Lawrels, muſt *give* none:
From the full *Harveſt* his own *Labours* yield,
Denied the pooreſt *Gleanings* of the Field.

If th' higheſt Honour of the Learned *Robe*,
Like tott'ring *Fortune* on her Rowling *Globe*,
Depends upon that ſlender Thread of Doom,
That the leaſt *peeviſh Pow'r* muſt cut the Loom.
Thou'aſt liv'd to ſee this Triumph in thy Fall:
Seen th' once moſt courted *Fair*, ador'd by all,

Like a more cheap neglected Beauty paſs;
Her proffer'd Charms ev'n wooing an Embrace:
Whilſt handed round by Great *Addreſſing Pow'r*,
With her big *Title*, and inviting *Dow'r*,
Her Face ſo frightful in thy *Glaſs* they ſee,
Her *fickle Favours* branded all by Thee;
Till faln from her once all commanding Pride,
She has been even by *Junior Gowns* deny'd.

But why do I recount that Lighter Weight?
Then *SOMMERS* but *laid by*: Now call'd to *Fate*.
At his loſt Head the dire *Partition* flies:
That glaring Baſilisk darts her killing Eyes.
That fatal *Conſult*, as our *Patriots* tell,
(If popular Fears pronounce all Oracle)
By Ours and *Belgia*'s whole loſt Wits miſtook,
The only Trip which has all *Europe* ſhook.

If from unhappy *Folly*, *Fate*, or *Chance*,
To that dread Gulph from the all ſwallowing *France*,
This tripartite great *Ignis fatuus* leads,
The erring *Belgians* are moſt Criminal Heads;
This Gallick Torrent to their Gates more near,
The greater Danger theirs the greater Fear.
And if their *Juſtice* has but half our *Cries*,
Our *Weſtminſter* poor *Scaffolds* can't ſuffice:
A loftier Stage muſt in the *Stadthouſe* riſe.

But whate'er Hands did th' ill-ſtarr'd *Project* Sign,
The Fault, Great *SOMMERS*, was ſo little thine;
When both thy tenderer *Juſtice* loth to bring
A helping Hand to clip the EAGLE's Wing:
And with thy yet more penetrating Light,
With more preſaging Fears, thy wiſe Affright,

E'er yet the unborn *Embryo* was brought forth,
Thy pond'rous *Reaſons* brought to ſtop the Birth.
And if at laſt thy *forc'd* Aſſiſtance lent,
'Twas more thy dragg'd *Obedience*, than Aſſent.

But now, my hardy *Muſe*, if thy bold Quill
Dares draw that *Gorgon*'s Face, whoſe Look can kill:
Try if that loud-mouth'd Cry, which ſcares all round,
Has Senſe but half as terrible as Sound.

Suppoſe all true the *Albion* Fears ſurmize:
That *Spain*'s Crown'd Head, alarm'd at the Surprize,
To hear thoſe Alien Pow'rs his *Throne* divide;
His *Empire* canton'd out before he died;
Rowz'd up from that *provoking Cauſe* alone
T'a Vengeance worthy both Himſelf and Throne,
To daſh theſe bold conſpiring Counſels down,
T'a *ſingle Head* devolv'd th' Imperial Crown.

All popular Miſtake that poorly draws
The Riſe of *Anjou* from that ſlender *Cauſe*.
That *Provocation*, even foreſeen, appear'd
What we ſhould rather have deſir'd, than fear'd.
For why to buſy *France*, the plotting *Gaul*,
The Great *Firſt Mover* in this cloſe *Cabal*,
Muſt *Spain*'s bequeath'd unbroken Sceptre fall?
Her foreclos'd Veins from *Spain* remov'd as far
As *Abjuration*'s Mountain-Piles could bar;
France, *Spain*'s Averſion, her aſpiring Pride
The hideous Goar in her long bleeding Side;
Th' invading Stroke ſo barbarouſly given,
Ev'n through the very wounded Sides of *Heav'n*;
Through *Leagues*, *Oaths*, *Sacraments*, All, Bonds too weak;
Through all that *France* cou'd *Swear*, or *France* cou'd *break*.

To think the angry *Spain*'s diſdainful Frown
Should mount a *Gallick Fav'rite* to her Crown,
All Contradiction ev'n to common Senſe!
Reward th' Offender to avenge th' Offence?

Had *Juſtice*, *Reaſon*, or a Kingdom's Care,
Pointed the dying Monarch to an *Heir*,
The great *Teſtator*'s genuine Choice had led
To th' inoffending *Rightful AUSTRIA*'s Head:
AUSTRIA who bluſhing at th' Invaſive League
Refus'd Admiſſion, and diſclaim'd th' Intriegue.
If true Revenge *Spain*'s *Teſtament* had ſign'd,
Thought and *Deſign* had *Indignation* join'd.
Love may want Eyes; but who makes *Vengeance* blind?

No, mounted *Anjou*, thy Machine of State
Was mov'd by more amazing Wheels of Fate.
Not Engliſh Counſels, nor Reſenting *Spain*:
A *Dying-Conſcience-Keeper* fixt thy Reign.
A Death-bed Weakneſs, in a timerous Hour,
Attacqued by all his Formidable Pow'r,
That **Scarlet Engine** did thy Work alone;
'Twas his falſe *Jacob*'s *Ladder* rais'd thy *Throne*.

Bigotted Pow'r precariouſly ſubſiſts;
The King's the Chariot, but the Reins the Prieſt's.
By that Church-*Jehu*, ſubtle *France*, thy own,
The Soveraign Head thus driven till giddy grown,
Blind to th' eſtabliſh'd *Pyrenean Right*,
That o'erleapt *Bar* alone enough to fright;
Senſe, *Honour*, *Glory*, all the Royal Beams
Loſt in that Miſt, his laſt amuſing Dreams:
(There's *Europe*'s Fate!) his *Spain* to *Anjou* given,
He poorly ſold his *Earth* to buy his *Heav'n*.

France by this *Machiavil* her Game has play'd.
The *Mine* thus manag'd, and the *Train* thus lay'd;
This laſt *Church Anvile-Work* ſo unforeſeen,
What mortal Counſels from that *Forge* cou'd ſcreen?

Charm'd with his own Divine *Creation*, *PEACE*,
To make huſht *Europe*'s Seeds of Diſcord ceaſe,
What tho' *NASSAU* join'd the well-meant Cabal;
Form'd, the mad World's Ambition to reſtrain;
Each *ſharing Hand* tyed up from graſping *All*;
Sent forth the Great *Pacifick Dove* in vain.
If the profoundeſt *Wiſdom* of the *Great*
Muſt ſtand above the Pow'r of a *Defeat*;
That Suppoſition's too profane pretence
Would ev'n exclude high *Heav'n's Omnipotence.*
How often by a *Providential Stroke*
Are ev'n the beſt laid mortal Meaſures broke.
To fix *Succeſs* to All the *Learn'd* adviſe,
The Conſults of the *Loyal* and the *Wiſe*;
Mankind muſt either through whole Fate foreſee,
Or elſe muſt change immutable Decree:
Nay *Kings* muſt arrogate all Pow'r their own;
And make the GOD a *Cypher* on his *Throne.*
If *Counſel* when unproſp'rous turns to *Guilt*,
That Crime's on th' *Alcoran* Foundation built;
Where *Virtue* is by *Fortune* only bleſt:
Courage and *Loyalty*, *Succeſs* their Teſt.
They're Trayt'rous Heads who luckleſs Projects yield:
And leading Cowards only loſe a Field.
If our Great *Patriot*'s this falſe Step have made;
(Not from the *Chriſtian Diſpenſation* ſtray'd:)
And the State-Clamours loud for Juſtice call,
Reſolv'd the modell'd *Grandees* of *Whitehall*,
Shall like *Seralio* Favorites ſtand or fall.

If the *Vox Populi* Creſcent-Vengeance urge,
The ſame th' Offence, why not the ſame the Scourge?
Why coſtly proud *Tribunals* rais'd ſo large?
Why crowded *Halls*, that profuſe *Chriſtian Charge*?
Why wrangling *Bars* to end the ſlow Diſpute?
Send 'em a cheaper *Bowſtring* and a *Mute*.

Next to great *SOMMERS*, glorious *ORFORD* comes:
Our Potentates keep Order in their Dooms.
When leading *JUSTICE* their firſt Blow ſhall bear;
Great *FORTITUDE* the next, in courſe, ſtands fair.
Nor let us wonder, that our *angry Pow'rs*,
From the *Partition* numerous Counſellors,
Selected only theſe Great FOUR, where all
The cruſhing Weight of the dire Doom ſhall fall.
Perhaps the more t' aggrandize the Attacque,
Reſolv'd the whole Great *Cardinal Hinge* to ſhake.

Now, once bright *ORFORD*, in this new-rais'd Cloud,
Veil thy paſt WORTH, thy *Martial Lawrels* ſhrowd:
Be generous to thy Foes; from their weak Sight
Oh take thy *GLORY*'s too offenſive Light.
But why ſo vain a Wiſh? They'ave clos'd their Eyes;
Thy vaniſh'd *Fame* like a thin *Meteor* flies:
When *Prejudice* takes Birth *Remembrance* dies.
Yes to a Bar fantaſtick *Albion* calls
The nobleſt Champion of ~~her~~ our *Floating Walls*.
Why this Miſtake? To have our ORFORD try'd,
Let the proud *Neptune* his great *Cauſe* decide.
Erect a Stage with *Triton-Judges* fill'd:
Launch the new *Soveraign*, not new *Scaffolds* build.

If for *French Gold* (as hideous Story tells)
His *Engliſh Faith* the tempted ORFORD ſells——

Correct, mad World, that fabulous Fear; behold
His Tempter in her burning *Sun of Gold.*
'Tis that attracting Shine his Soul muſt warm,
French Gold ne'er dazles here, without that Charm.

What tho' before *Britannia* bluſhing ſaw
Her great *Marines*, in rang'd Battalions draw:
Their whole Magnificence of *Pomp* and *Show*,
A gawdy Gazer on the *Gallick Foe*,
Her *Thunder* ſilent and her *Streamers* flagg'd,
By heavier Hands th' Inglorious *Trident* dragg'd.
Here her pleas'd Eyes, ev'n glowing with the Pride,
The flying *Liſſes* all in Crimſon dy'd,
Saw her aſſerted *OCEAN*'s *Empire* try'd.
Rowze the Great *Genius* of the Britiſh *DRAKE*,
Bid him to his new *Rival*'s *Glory* wake;
View from *La-Hogue* his own great Scene of Fame,
A *Gallick Blaze*, bright as his *Spaniſh Flame.*

Now, *Albion*, gaze with all uplifted Eyes:
At *PORTLAND* next th' *amazing Vengeance* flies.
Nay, and to make our *Wonder* higher riſe;
Say, great *State-Operators*, with what Art,
You'll reach at *PORTLAND*'s, not thro' *WILLIAM*'s Heart:
PORTLAND, who warm'd by *NASSAU*'s *Morning Sun*,
A *Darling* born, ſo *early* ſeal'd his own;
Set out his *Cradle-Favourite* to his *Throne*.
Together nurſt in *Glory*, *Counſels*, *Arms*;
Two ſuch linkt Hearts, with their inſeparate Charms,
Sure 'tis one Animating *Vital* warms.

When to this Height the *jealous Vapours* riſe
To caſt ſo thick a **Miſt** before our Eyes,

Ev'n **Darkneſs** *to be felt*, *Egyptian* Shade,
To think Great *PORTLAND* has *NASSAU* betray'd:
Bid the Magnetick Needle leave the Pole:
A *Change* leſs wond'rous than his tainted SOUL.
Nor bound his great Accuſers *Vengeance* here:
'Tis poorly ſtopping in their bold *Career*.
If o'er this Head they ſhake the brandiſh'd *Sword*,
Yet one Step high'r their mounted Glory ſtretch;
Challenge *Omnipotence* Divine *Record*,
And *David*'s darling *Jonathan* impeach.

Here take my *Muſe* (thy Liſt of *Fame* to fill)
A tranſient View of one more *Suff'rer* ſtill:
A Temper ſo ſerene, not the whole Shock
Has Pow'r to diſcompoſe one ſmiling Look.
Let their vaſt *Round* his great Accuſers take,
Hunt down the Game by *creeping* o'er the *Chace*,
Diſputed *Form* an Ages Labour make;
Whilſt *dragging Juſtice* moves their own ſlow Pace:
It all ſo little has diſturb'd his Eaſe,
He courts his *Tryal* when th' *Offended* pleaſe.

'Tis true, untaint with the *Partition-Shame*,
His pettier *Charge* ſcarce mounting to a Name,
Impending **Wrath**, ſure, from her ſullen Sphere,
Seems to reſerve her gentleſt *Vial* here.
Ah no! what tho' to his *Tribunal* led
Leaſt *Criminal*, not the leaſt *Offending* Head,
A *Favourite* markt for **Envy**'s keeneſt Blaſt,
His Capital Fault, *He'as merited too faſte*.
His *Genius* true *Apollinary* born;
And therefore early call'd, a *Court* t'adorn;
That ſingle *Crime* the popular Smiles has loſt:
WORTH then grows *bated* when its *Riſe* rides Poſt.

A *Worth* not eaſily in Oblivion drown'd,
If for no other *Services* Renown'd,
Then that our great *State-Galen*'s Toyl and Pains
Purg'd the whole *Droſs* from BRITAIN's *Argent* Veins;
The wond'rous Operation wrought ſo far,
In her low'ſt *Drein* of a *Conſumptive War*.
Who but wiſe *HALIFAX* profound *Forethought*,
The *Veins* all ſtopping whilſt the *Cure* was wrought,
From *Credit-Founts* * rais'd a new current Tide;
The whole *Stagnation* by that *Stream* ſupply'd.
How was our *Albion*'s whole bright Mint debas'd,
When either all Adult'rate or Defac'd,
How did we the Great Headleſs Image ſee,
The *Cæſar* martyr'd in *Effigie*?
Till the great *Albion Jove*'s bright Stamp reſtor'd,
In its full pond'rous Oar and Beauty flow'd;
By his warm Zeal from Trayt'rous Hands ſecur'd,
The *Image* ſhielded, as he would the *God*?
Nay, to out-do the Miracle of the *Coin*,
Could his *Minerva* by Transfuſion ſhine,
He would, our nobleſt *Oar*, our *Senſe* refine.

Theſe the great Hunted Heads, ſo fair in view,
The whole *Infallible Divan* perſue,
Their FATE ſo *certain*, and ſo juſtly *due*;
A *Fate* that with that *ſweeping Ruin* draws,
'Tis all Deſtruction but t' abet their *Cauſe*.
Like *Corah* and *Abiran*'s **Gulph** of *old*,
But to approach was an Attempt ſo bold,
As ev'n no leſs than threaten'd with *their* Fall;
The wide **Damnation** yawns and ſwallows All.

Thus th' hardy *HAVERSHAM*, to his ſad Coſt,
With one preſuming Step plung'd in, and loſt,

In

* Exchequer Bills.

In a full Cry the whole rowz'd Vengeance, All,
Does for the ſwifteſt Bolt of Thunder call.
Alas the ſolemn *Scaffolds* pompous State,
For the great *Deſtin'd* FOUR does only wait:
Thoſe HEADS to Fate by ſlow *Gradation* come.
Dread Juſtice *here* pours a more *Rapid* Doom.
Form, *Proceſs*, *Tryal*, old and obſolete,
With a low Scorn our great *Diſpenſers* treat:
Here, all *Defence* ſtruck dumb, all *Plea* deny'd,
Call *HAVERSHAM* t' *His* Fate *unheard*, *untry'd*.
Myſterious Pow'r how are thy *Depths* unknown!
So ſtrangely thou divid'ſt thy Smiles or Frown;
This pettier Criminal calls his Fate ſo *faſte:*
The great Offenders Dooms require *no haſte.*

But here if th' *hidden Cauſe* we durſt inquire,
If humane Wonder might ſo high aſpire,
Why, if the *Pow'r* to ſtrike, the Arm ſo ſlow?
Such tedious Proceſs to Revenge ſo loud!
To Heſitate is *ſhrinking* from the Blow;
And *ſhrinking*, ſure, would half the Glory cloud.
True Juſtice with more vig'rous Zeal aſſails:
'Tis a *Light* Cauſe that dares not truſt the *Scales.*

Light! did I ſay?——My *Muſe* has toucht the String:
Sometimes the Muſes all *Prophetick* ſing.
Perhaps, if poſſible, ev'n yet more Light,
Shall the loud Flaſh in generous *Fume* expire;
Only an angry *Start*, a *Feint* to fright:
Whilſt the whole Blaze all ends in *Lambent Fire.*

So Cannons roar from their deep Mouths of Flame,
With, or without the Ball, the Blaſt the ſame.

Nay from the very *Thund'rers* of the Sky,
How have we ſeen their darted *Lightning* fly!
Whilſt the big Clouds thoſe hideous Fires diſgorge;
You'd think they emptied their whole *Vulcan*'s Forge;
Attended with that loud Impetuous Crack,
As if they meant to rend the Globe they ſhake.
Yet oh the Wonder! no commiſſion'd *Death*,
No Voice of *Fate* ſpeaks in that angry Breath,
No *Guilt* ſtruck dead; no torn up *Cedar*'s Root:
'Tis all but *inoffenſive Fires* they ſhoot.
What though the Sound the trembling World may fill:
The *Gods* ſometimes talk loud, without one *Bolt* to kill.

With the ſame Mercy our *State-Worthies* ſhine;
And borrow from a Copy all Divine.

F I N I S.